

1845

## Music of the Ethiopian Serenaders

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

**MUSIC**  
OF THE  
**ETHIOPIAN SERENADERS.**

**NINE SONGS**

**AND A SET OF COTILLIONS**

**FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.**

**Dandy Jim of Caroline,  
Miss Lucy Long,  
Boatman's Dance,  
Old Dan Tucker,  
My Old Aunt Sally,**

**Miss Lucy Neal,  
The Ole Grey Goose,  
Going Ober de Mountain,  
'Twill Never do to Gib It up So,  
Set of Cotillions.**

---

**E. FERRETT & CO.,**  
PHILADELPHIA—68 SOUTH FOURTH STREET.  
NEW YORK—237 BROADWAY.



1813

OF THE

LIBRARY OF THE

NEW YORK

AND A SET OF

FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

THE NEW YORK  
LIBRARY OF THE  
NEW YORK  
AND A SET OF  
FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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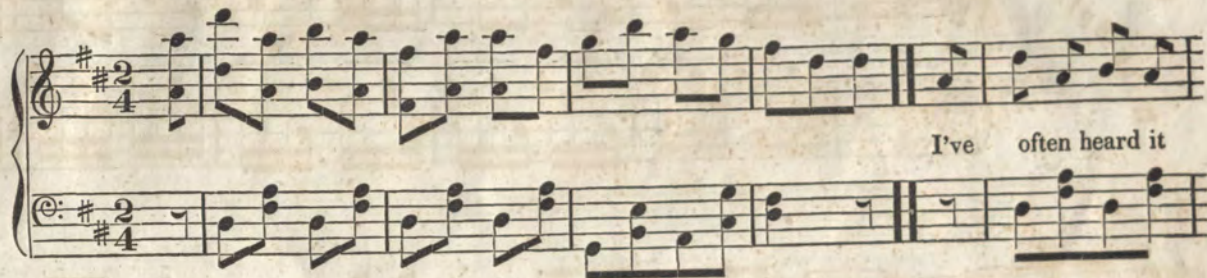
# DANDY JIM OF CAROLINE.

A CELEBRATED

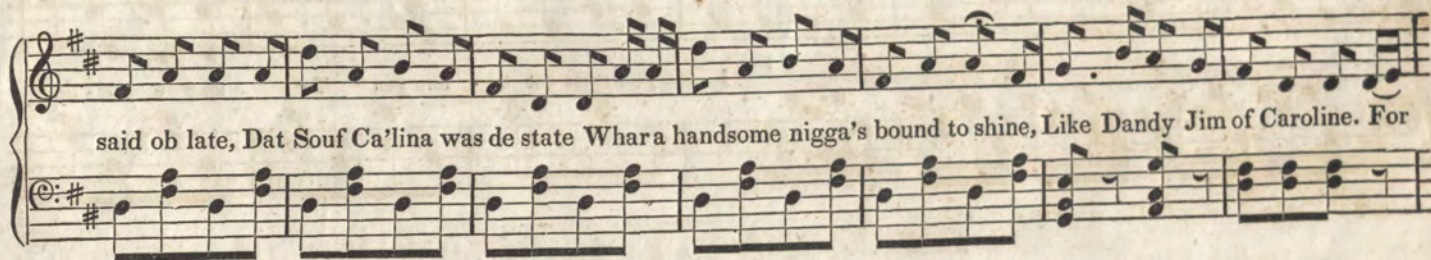
## Ethiopian Melody,

ARRANGED FOR THIS WORK BY HIMSELF.

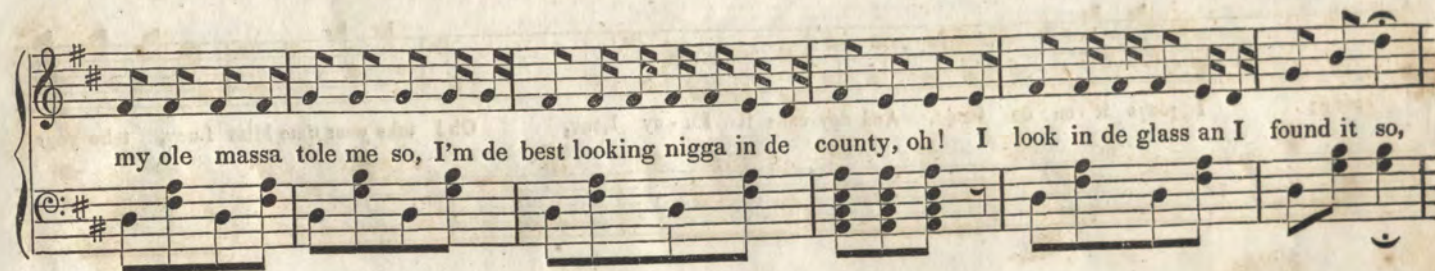
*Allegretto.*



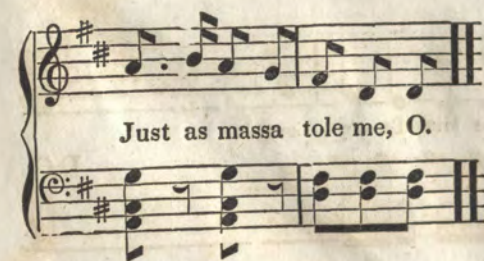
I've often heard it



said ob late, Dat Souf Ca'lina was de state Whara handsome nigga's bound to shine, Like Dandy Jim of Caroline. For



my ole massa tole me so, I'm de best looking nigga in de county, oh! I look in de glass an I found it so,



Just as massa tole me, O.

2  
I drest myself from top to toe,  
And down to Dinah I did go,  
Wid pantaloons strapp'd down behind,  
Like Dandy Jim of Caroline.  
For my ole massa, &c.

3  
De bull-dog clear'd me from de yard,  
I tought I'd better leab my card,  
I tied it fast to a piece ob twine,  
Signed "Dandy Jim from Caroline."  
For my ole massa, &c.

4  
She got my card den wrote a letter,  
An ebery word she spelt de better,  
For ebery word and ebery line  
Was Dandy Jim of Caroline.  
For my ole massa, &c.

5  
Oh, beauty it is but skin deep,  
But wid Miss Dinah none compete,  
She changed her name from lubly Dine  
To Mrs. Dandy Jim of Caroline.  
For my ole massa, &c.

6  
An ebery little nig she had  
Was de berry image ob de dad,  
Dar heels stick out three feet behind,  
Like Dandy Jim of Caroline.  
For my ole massa, &c.

7  
I took dem all to church one day,  
An hab dem christen'd widout delay,  
De preacher christen'd eight or nine  
Young Dandy Jims of Caroline.  
For my ole massa, &c.

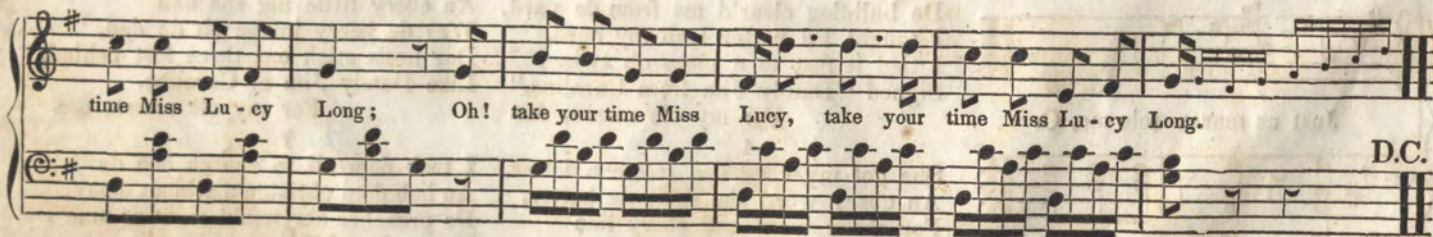
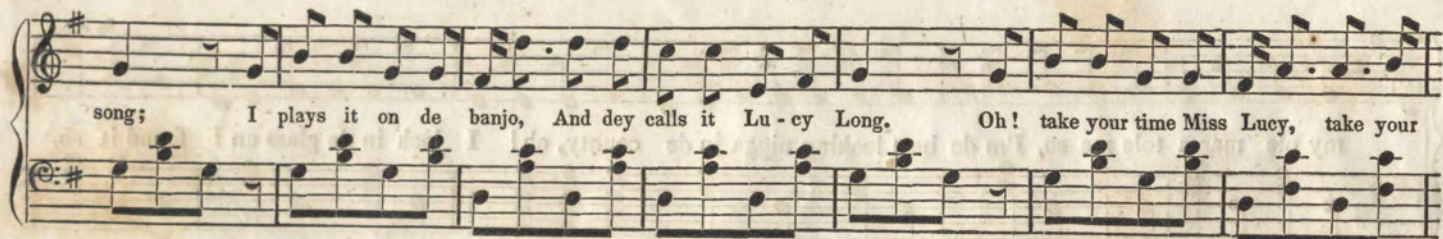
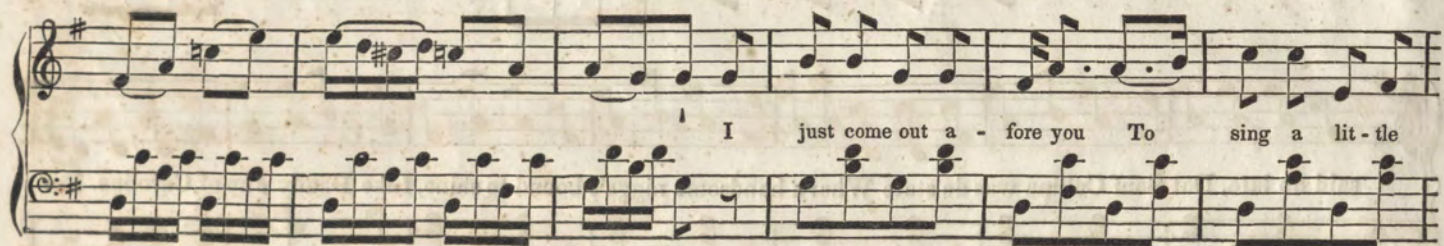
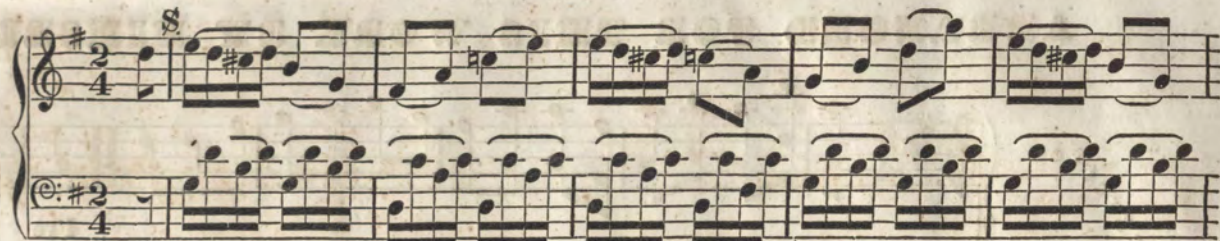
8  
And when de preacher took his text,  
He seem'd so berry much perplex'd,  
Dat nothing cum across his mind,  
But Dandy Jims of Caroline.  
For my ole massa, &c.



# MISS LUCY LONG.

A POPULAR NEGRO SONG.

*With Spirit.*



2  
I ask her for to marry,  
She had'nt much to say;  
But said, she'd rather tarry,  
So I let her have her way.  
Oh! take your time, &c.

3  
My mamma's got de tisie,  
And my daddy's got de gout;  
Good morning, Mister Physic,  
Does your mother know you're out?  
Oh! take your time, &c.

4  
If I had a scolding wife,  
As sure as she was born,  
I'd tote her down to New Orleans  
And trade her off for corn.  
Oh! take your time, &c.



# DANDY JIM.

No. 2.  
L'Été.

Musical score for "DANDY JIM." in 2/4 time, key of D major. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes dynamic markings *mp* and *mf*. The second system includes a *f* marking. The third system ends with a *D.C.* (Da Capo) instruction. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

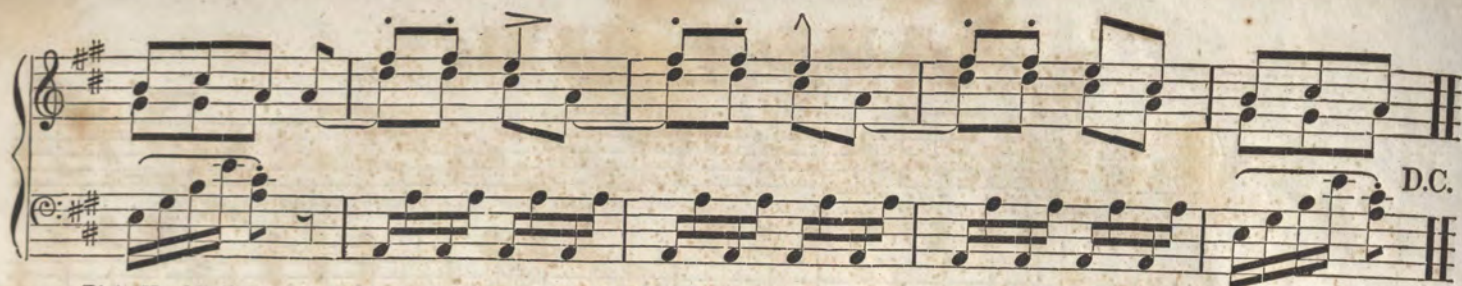
Forward two and cross over—Chassez and Dechassez—Cross over to places and Balancez.

# BOATMAN'S DANCE.

No. 3.  
La Poule.

Musical score for "BOATMAN'S DANCE." in 2/4 time, key of D major. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes a *mf* marking. The second system includes *ff* and *p* markings. The third system includes a *D.C. mf* (Da Capo mezzo-forte) instruction. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

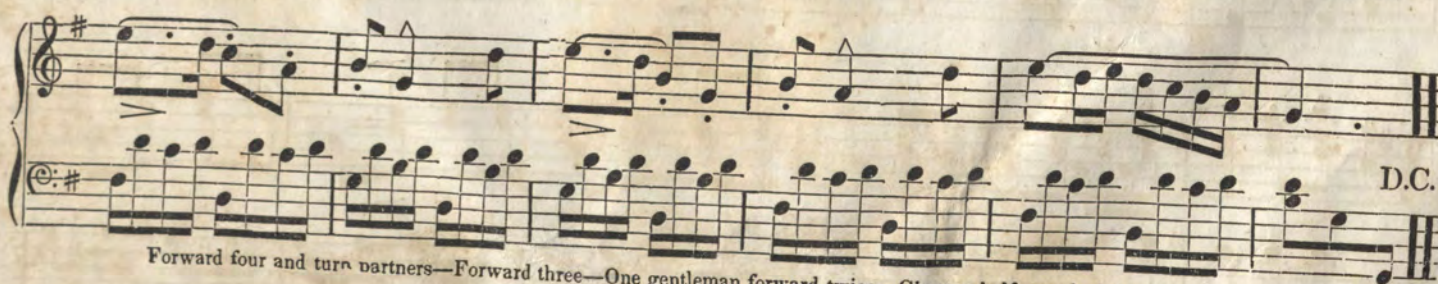
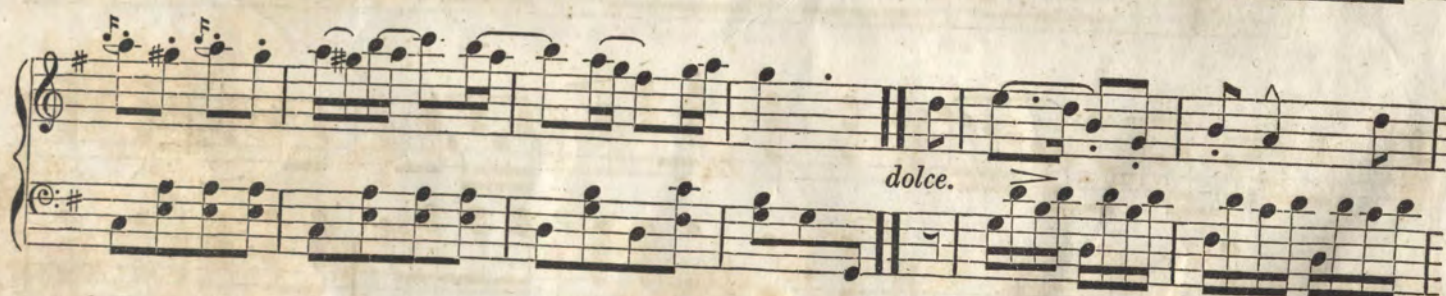
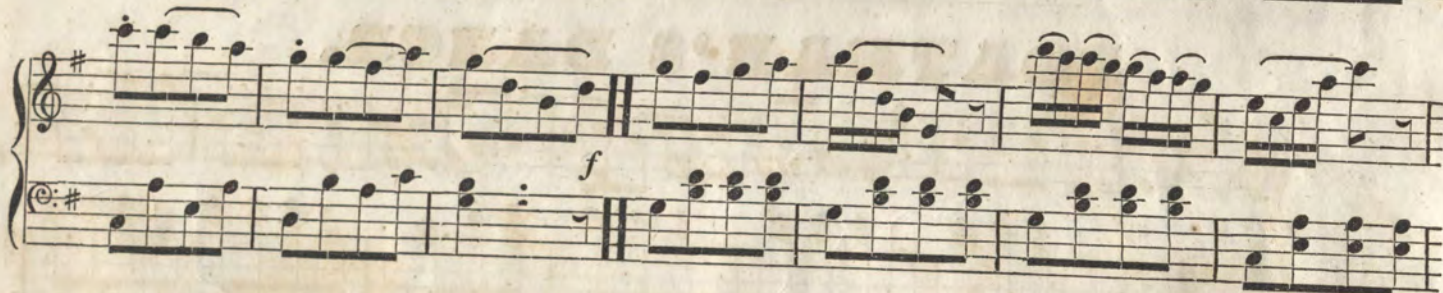
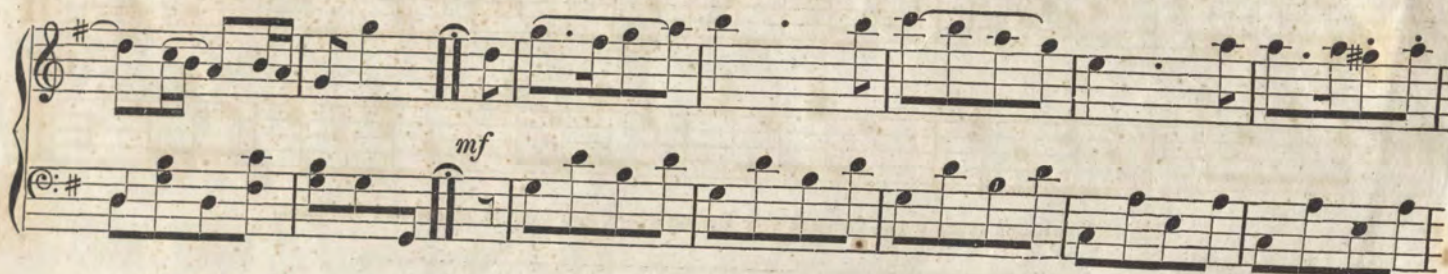




Right Hand half round, Left Hand back—Balancez on a line—Promenade half round—Forward two back to back—Forward four and back—  
Right and Left to places.

## LUCY NEALE.

No. 4.  
Pastorelle.



Forward four and turn partners—Forward three—One gentleman forward twice—Chassez half round, right and left to places.



# DAN TUCKER JIG.

No. 5.  
Finale.



Hands round—Ladies to the right—Hands round—Gentlemen to the right—Promenade all round.

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THE SONG OF THE LARK



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# MY OLD AUNT SALLY.

A Celebrated Ethiopian Melody.

COMPOSED BY HERSELF.

*Moderato.*

Gwine down to New Orleans, I gits up-on de landin, Run a-gin a cotton bale, it fotch me up a standin,

Play to the Double Bar for Introduction.

A - la - mode de duck soup— de cor - ner ob an al - ley; I'll tell you bout a scrape I had wid my lub - ly Sally;

Sal - ly, O, Sal - ly! my old aunt Sal - ly! I'll tell you bout a scrape I had wid my lub - ly Sal - ly;

Sal - ly, Sal - ly, My old Aunt Sal - ly! Ra - - - ree - - - ri - - - ro - - - round de cor - ner Sal - ly.

Repeat for Symphony.

2  
I ax her—won't you took a ride wid me upon de lebee,  
She jump up an crack her heel, an swore dat she was ready,  
I nebber spoke anudder word, nor shall I gib de reason,  
Why I lites on her 'fections for de balance ob de season,  
Season, de season! de balance ob de season,  
Why I lites on her 'fections for de balance ob de season,  
Sally, O, Sally, my old aunt Sally!  
Ra-ree-ri-ro-round de corner Sally!

3  
I hitch de bull before de cart like a clever feller,  
Hit 'im a cut to make 'em go,—de bull begin to beller,  
I turn round to look for Sal—I nebber shall forget 'em,  
Dar I see her makin tracks across de sandy bottom,  
Bottom, de bottom, across de sandy bottom,  
Dar I see her makin tracks across de sandy bottom, &c.

4  
Up de hill and down de dale, I didn't seem to mind her,  
De bull's tail stuck out behind as he kept up behind her;  
He run slap agin a stump an found himself mistaken,  
Sal dodge on todder side an tried to save her bacon,  
Bacon, her bacon, an tried to save her bacon,  
Sal dodge on todder side an tried to save her bacon,  
Sally, O, Sally, my old aunt Sally!  
Ra-ree-ri-ro-round de corner Sally.

5  
Now I want to hab you all pay particlar 'tention,  
To a sarcustancial fact I'm gwine now to mention;  
I want to hab you all to know—for spunk I isn't a lackin,  
Sept when I'se goin to hab a fite, an den I wants good backin,  
Backin, backin, an den I wants good backin,  
Sept when I'se goin to hab a fite, and den, &c.

6  
I brace my back agin a stump, de bull he look so savage,  
Sez he "old hosa I'll eat you up, jist like I would a cabbage!"  
I safly creep up to him den, (like a nigger stealin)  
I lites upon 'em like a pig upon a tater peelin,  
Peelin, de peelin, upon a tater peelin,  
I lites upon 'em like a pig upon a tater peelin,  
Sally, O, Sally, my old aunt Sally,  
Ra-ree-ri-ro-round de corner Sally.

7  
I gib her a piece ob my advice, to hunt some udder lodgin,  
De bull kept gwine round de stump, an Sally kept a dodgin,  
She jump a rod or two aside, you orter seen her bound it,  
If de bull ain't broke de stump, he still is gwine round it,  
Round it, round it, he still is gwine round it,  
If de bull ain't broke de stump, he still is gwine round it, &c

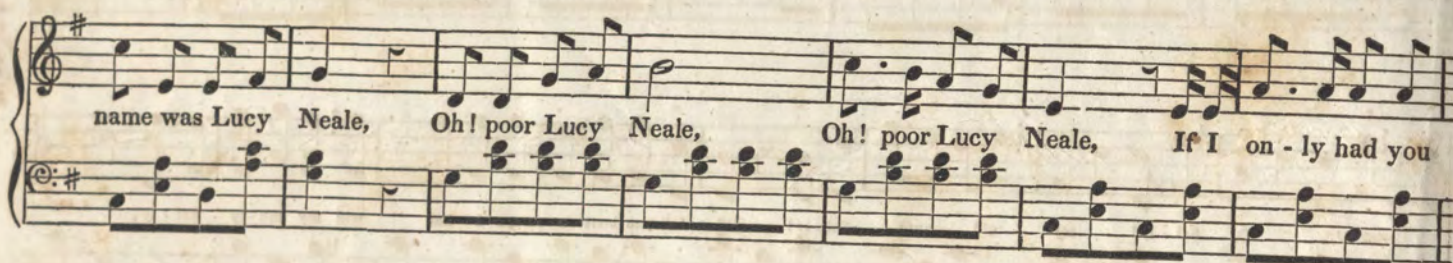
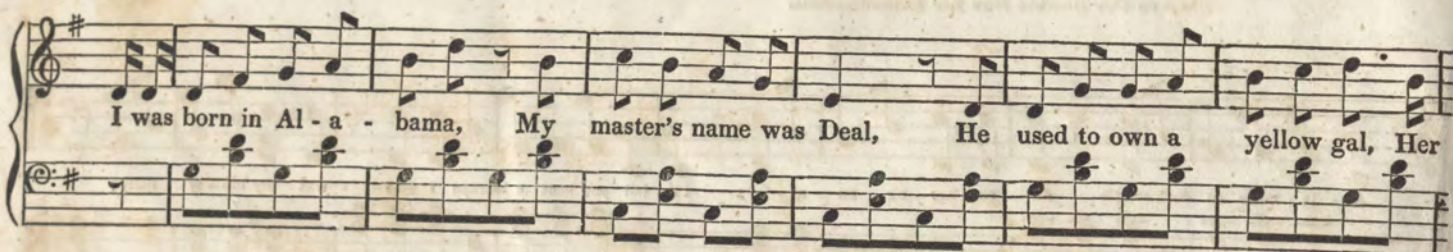
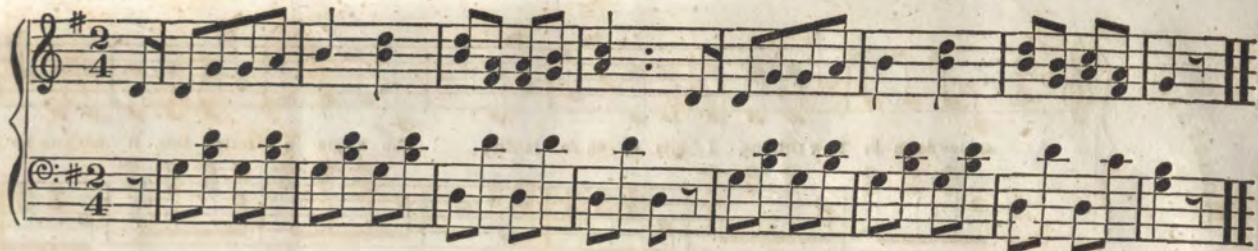


# MISS LUCY NEALE,

## Or the Yellow Gal.

A CELEBRATED ETHIOPIAN MELODY.

*Moderato.*



2  
She used to go out wid us,  
To pick cotton in de field,  
And dare is whar I fell in love  
Wid my pretty Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

3  
I ask'd Miss Lucy would she hab me,  
How glad she made me feel,  
When she gib to me her heart,  
My pretty Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy, &c.

4  
Den de Niggas gib a ball,  
Miss Lucy danced a reel,

But none was dar dat could compare  
Wid my pretty Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy, &c.

5  
My Massa he did sell me,  
Because he thought I'd steal,  
Which caused a separation  
Of myself and Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy, &c.

6  
My boat it was a pine log,  
Widout rudder or keel,  
And I floated down de ribber  
Crying poor Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy, &c.

7  
Miss Lucy she was taken sick,  
She eat too much corn meal,  
De Doctor he did gib her up,  
Alas! poor Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy, &c.

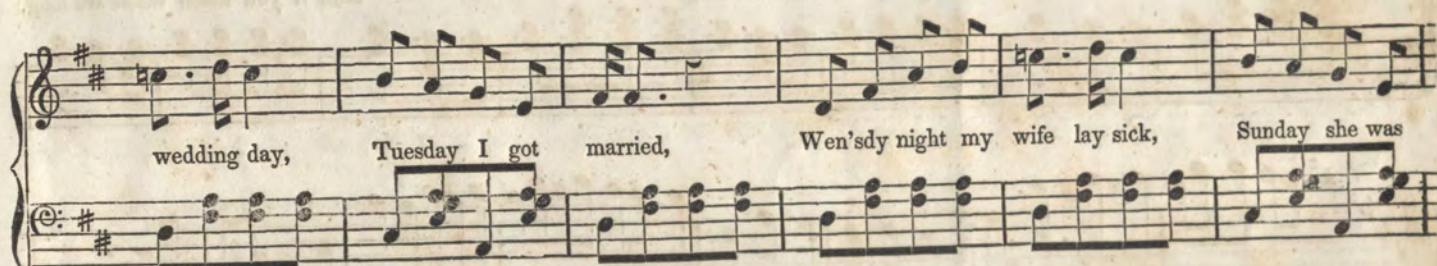
8  
One day I got a letter,  
And jet black was de seal,  
It was de announcement ob de death  
Of my poor Lucy Neale.  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale,  
Oh! poor Lucy Neale,  
If I only had you by my side,  
How happy I should feel.



# THE OLE GRAY GOOSE,

## A POPULAR BANJO SONG.

*Moderato.*



4  
When she was gittin out de cart  
Miss Dinah lose her shoe,  
And den I spied a great big hole  
Right in her stocking through.  
Oh! looky dar, &c.

5  
Says I to her: you Dinah gal  
Only looky dar,  
Dem heels are sticking out too far,  
As a nigger I declar.  
Oh! looky dar, &c.

6  
Says she to me, you nigger Jo,  
What are you about?  
Dere's science in dem 'ere heels,  
And I want em to stick out.  
Oh! looky dar, &c.

2  
Wen'sdy night my wife took sick,  
Despair ob death cum o'er her:  
Oh! some did cry, but I did laff  
To see dat death go from her.  
Oh! looky dar, &c.

3  
I ask Miss Dinah Rose one day  
In de ole cart to ride,  
She war, by gosh, so berry fat  
I couldn't sit beside her.  
Oh! looky dar, &c.



# GOING OBER DE MOUNTAIN.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

*Andantino Piangevole.*

I just come out to sing a song,

I really hope it aint too long, And if you listen while we sing,

We'll make it on de banjo ring. Ree, ro, my true love

Oh! come along my darling, Fare you well, Miss Dinah gal, I'm gwine ober de mountain.

2  
O come my lub and go wid me,  
I'm gwine to leave dis country,  
A horse shall tote you round,  
Walk up hill and foot it down.  
Ree, ro, &c.

3  
A nigger come from Arkansaw,  
De biggest fool I ebber saw,  
At mornin when dis nigger rose,  
He put his mittens on his toes.  
Ree, ro, &c.

4  
Dis nigger went to feed de sheep,  
He gib em green tobacker leaf;  
He went some water for to get,  
And carried it in a corn basket.  
Ree, ro, &c.

5  
He went to shell corn in de shed,  
He shell'd his shins all bare instead;  
He went to feed de horse at de barn,  
He put himself in de trough for corn.  
Ree, ro, &c.

6  
Ebery day when Sunday come,  
He comb'd his head wid a horse jaw-bone;  
He went to split some oven-wood,  
And split himself up clar to foot.  
Ree, ro, &c.



# 'Twill NEBER DO TO GIB IT UP SO.

## A Favourite Banjo Song.

*Allegretto.*

The musical score is written for a banjo in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of four systems of music. The first system includes the tempo marking 'Allegretto.' and the lyrics 'I'm ole Mr. Brown, jist from de souf, I'. The second system continues the melody with lyrics 'left Lynchburg in de time ob de drowth; De times dey got so bad in de place, Dat de niggers dare not show dar face: 'Twill'. The third system has lyrics 'neber do to gib it up so; 'Twill neber do to gib it up so; 'Twill neber do to gib it up so, Mister Brown, 'Twill'. The fourth system includes an '8va' marking and ends with 'neber do to gib it up so.' The score features various musical notations including eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings like accents (^).

2  
Old Jim ribber I floated down,  
My backer boat it run upon de groun;  
De pine log come wid a rushin din,  
An stove bote ends ob de ole boat in.  
It will neber do, &c.

De ole log rake me aft an fore,  
It left my cook-house on de shore;  
I thought it wouldn't do to gib it up so,  
So I scull myself ashore wid de ole banjo.  
It will neber do, &c.

4  
I gits on shore an feels berry glad,  
I looks at de banjo and feels berry mad;

My foot slip an I fell down,  
'Twill neber do to gib it up so, Mr. Brown.  
It will neber do, &c.

5  
By golly but it made de ole nig laff,  
Wid my boat I made a raff,  
I had a pine tree for a sail,  
And steer'd her down wid my coat-tail.  
It will neber do, &c.

6  
I met wid a cat-fish in de ribber,  
I gosh, but it made dis nigger shiber;  
I steer'd right straight for de critter's snout,  
An turn de ole catfish inside out.  
It will neber do, &c.

7  
Dat same night, as de sun did set,  
I ribed in town wid my clothes all wet,  
De niggers built up a great fire,  
If dat's not true den I am a liar.  
It will neber do, &c.

8  
Master on de wood-pile barkin like a dog,  
Toad in de mill-pond, settin on a log,  
Possum up a gum tree, saucy, fat an dirty,  
Come kiss me, gals, or I'll run like a turkey  
It will neber do to gib it up so,  
It will neber do to gib it up so,  
It will neber do to gib it up so, Mr. Brown,  
It will neber do to gib it up so.



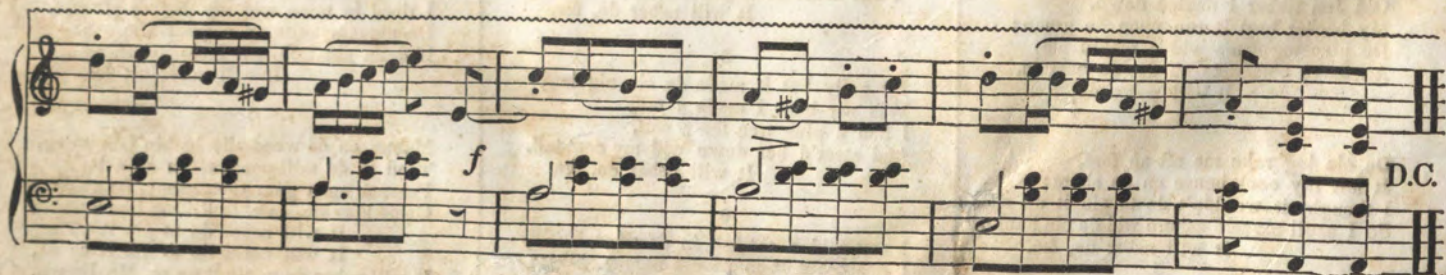
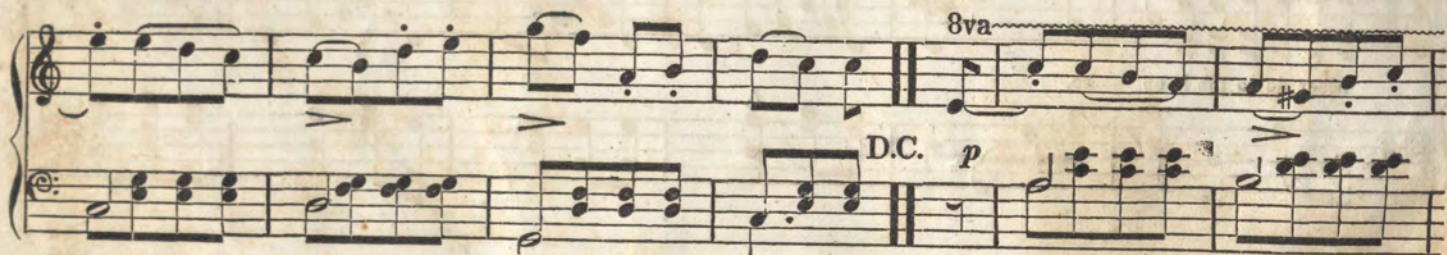
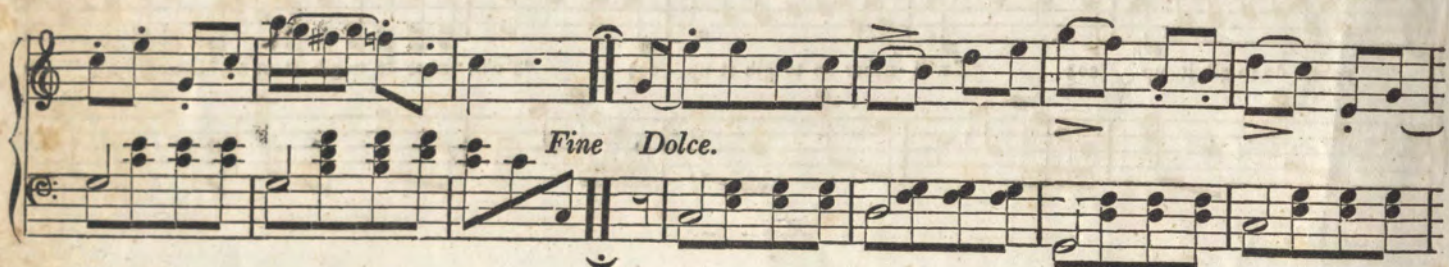
# THE VIRGINIA MINSTRELS'

## Cotillions.

ARRANGED BY OLD DAN TUCKER.

### LUCKY LONG.

No. 1.  
Le Pantalon.



Right and Left—Balancez and turn—Ladies Chain—Promenade half round—Right and Left to places.

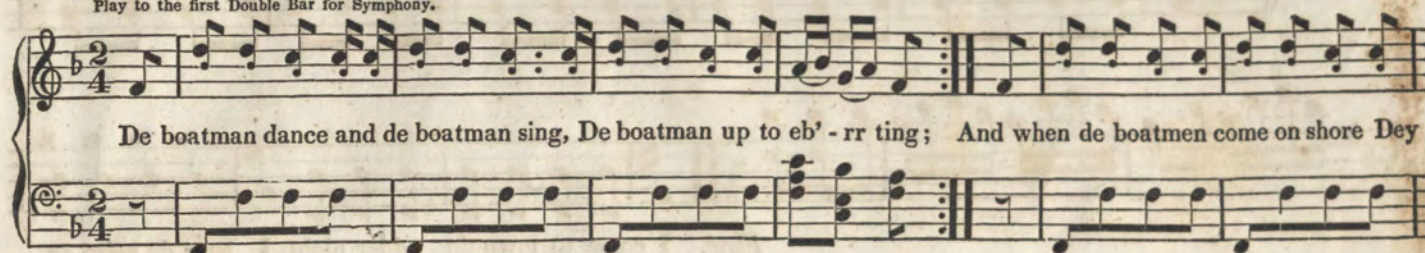


# BOATMAN'S DANCE.

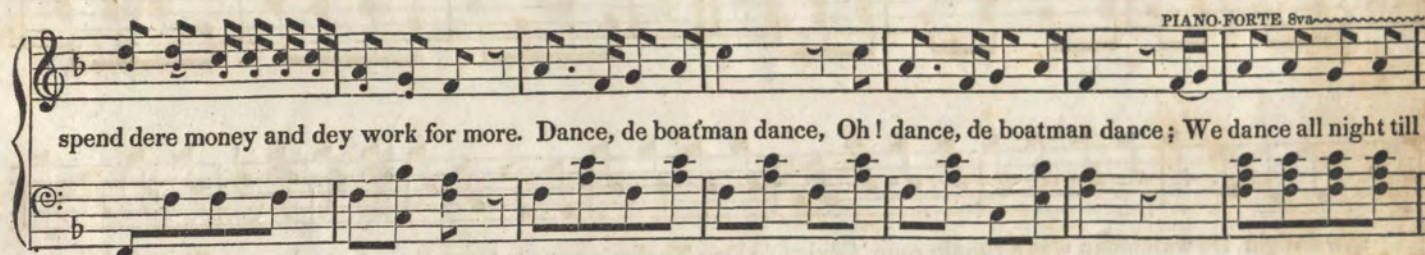
A Popular Song.

SUNG BY THE VIRGINIA MINSTRELS.

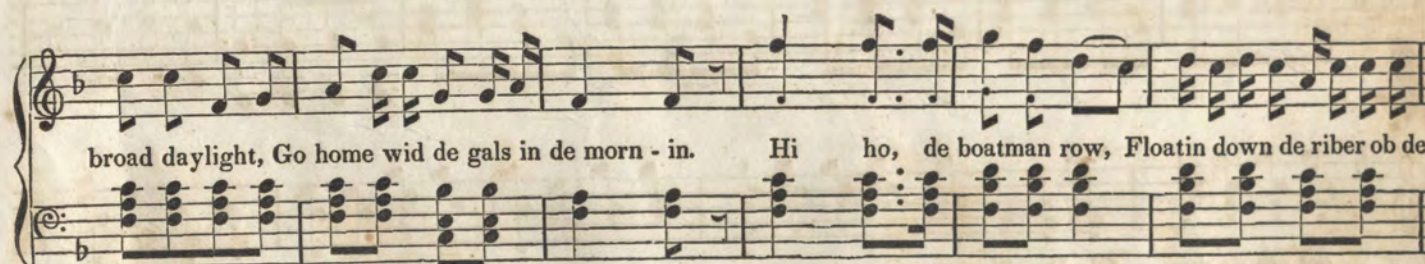
Play to the first Double Bar for Symphony.



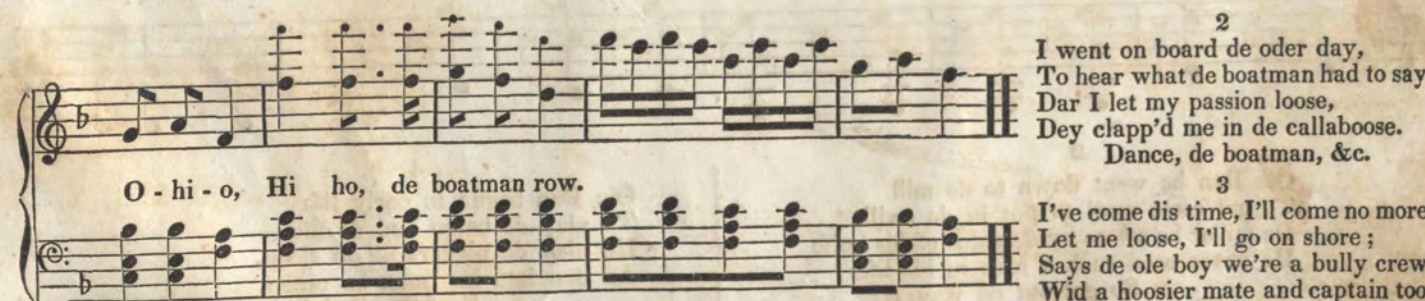
De boatman dance and de boatman sing, De boatman up to eb' - rr ting; And when de boatmen come on shore Dey



spend dere money and dey work for more. Dance, de boatman dance, Oh! dance, de boatman dance; We dance all night till



broad daylight, Go home wid de gals in de morn - in. Hi ho, de boatman row, Floatin down de riber ob de



O - hi - o, Hi ho, de boatman row.

2  
I went on board de oder day,  
To hear what de boatman had to say,  
Dar I let my passion loose,  
Dey clapp'd me in de callaboose.  
Dance, de boatman, &c.

3  
I've come dis time, I'll come no more,  
Let me loose, I'll go on shore;  
Says de ole boy we're a bully crew,  
Wid a hoosier mate and captain too.  
Dance, de boatman, &c.

4  
When you go to de boatman's ball,  
Dance wid my wife, or dont dance at all,  
Sky-blue jacket, tarpaulin hat,  
Look out boys for de nine tail cat.  
Dance, de boatman, &c.

5  
When de boatman blows his horn  
Look out ole man your hog is gone,  
He stole my sheep, he stole my shoat,  
Chuck em in a bag and tote em to de boat.  
Dance, de boatman, &c.

6  
Ober de mountain, slick as an eel,  
De boatman slide down on his heel;  
De wind did blow, de waves did toss  
I belieb my soul de boatman loss.  
Dance, de boatman, &c.



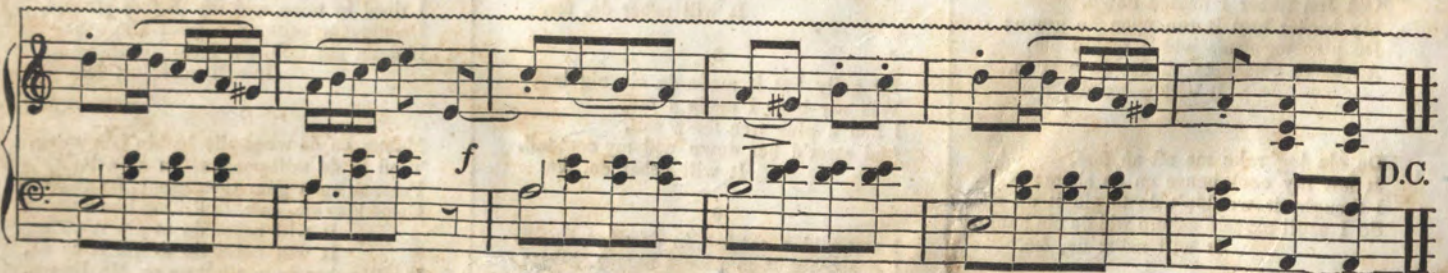
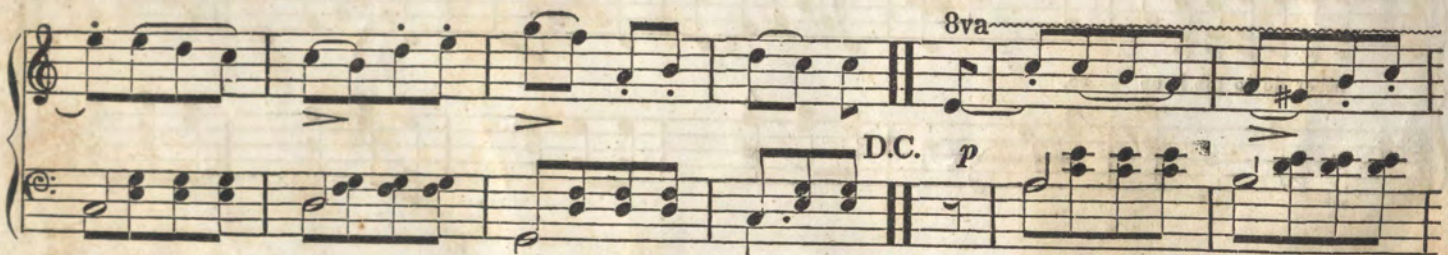
# THE VIRGINIA MINSTRELS'

## Cotillions.

ARRANGED BY OLD DAN TUCKER.

### LUCKY LONG.

No. 1.  
Le pantalon.



Right and Left—Balancez and turn—Ladies Chain—Promenade half round—Right and Left to places.



# BOATMAN'S DANCE.

A Popular Song.

SUNG BY THE VIRGINIA MINSTRELS.

Play to the first Double Bar for Symphony.

De boatman dance and de boatman sing, De boatman up to eb' - rr ting; And when de boatmen come on shore Dey

spend dere money and dey work for more. Dance, de boatman dance, Oh! dance, de boatman dance; We dance all night till

broad daylight, Go home wid de gals in de morn - in. Hi ho, de boatman row, Floatin down de riber ob de

O - hi - o, Hi ho, de boatman row.

2  
I went on board de oder day,  
To hear what de boatman had to say,  
Dar I let my passion loose,  
Dey clapp'd me in de callaboose.  
Dance, de boatman, &c.

3  
I've come dis time, I'll come no more,  
Let me loose, I'll go on shore;  
Says de ole boy we're a bully crew,  
Wid a hoosier mate and captain too.  
Dance, de boatman, &c.

4  
When you go to de boatman's ball,  
Dance wid my wife, or dont dance at all,  
Sky-blue jacket, tarpaulin hat,  
Look out boys for de nine tail cat.  
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When de boatman blows his horn  
Look out ole man your hog is gone,  
He stole my sheep, he stole my shoat,  
Chuck em in a bag and tote em to de boat.  
Dance, de boatman, &c.

6  
Ober de mountain, slick as an eel,  
De boatman slide down on his heel;  
De wind did blow, de waves did toss  
I belieb my soul de boatman loss.  
Dance, de boatman, &c.



# OLD DAN TUCKER.

A Celebrated Banjo Song,

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

*Allegro.*

*mf*

*Fine.* I come to town de udder night, I hear de noise an

saw de fight, De watchman was a runnin roun, Cryin Ole Dan Tucker's come to town, So get out de way, Ole Dan Tucker,

get out de way, Ole Dan Tucker, get out de way, Ole Dan Tucker, You're too late to come to supper. D.C.

2  
Ole Dan he went down to de mill  
To get some meal to put in de swill,  
De miller he swore by de point of his knife  
He never seed such a man in his life,  
So get out de way, &c.

3  
Ole Dan and I we did fall out,  
And what you tink it was about,  
He tread on my corn, I kick him on de shin,  
And dat's de way dis row begin,  
So get out de way, &c.

4  
Ole Dan begun in early life  
To play de banjo and de fife,  
He play de niggers all to sleep,  
An den into his bunk he creep,  
So get out de way, &c.

5  
And now Ole Dan is a gone sucker  
And neber can go home to supper,  
Ole Dan he has had his last ride  
And de banjo's buried by his side,  
So get out de way, &c.